

# They Might Be Giants, Spy

I see you from my spy plane, baby  
I see you walking on the ground  
I see you through my spy glasses, baby  
I can see right through the ground  
If you want to be a spy  
Then you must really see  
And you must really see  
If you want to be a spy like me

Come on

I might gaze on a submarine  
I see your face smiling at me  
Even when I close my eyes  
Your silhouette is smiling at me  
But you will never understand me  
Because I have a special job  
I wish I could break the spy glass  
Set it free  
So we could be

Spy spy spy spy  
Spy spy spy spy  
Spy spy spy spy  
Spy spy spy spy

Spy